

Gal 9 Lb

THE
O D E S
O F
H O R A C E

In *Latin* and *English*;

With a Translation of

Dr. BENTLEY's NOTES.

To which are added,

NOTES upon NOTES; Done in the
Bentleian Stile and Manner.

—*Ibimus, Ibimus,*
Ecunque pracedas, supremum
Carpere iter comites parati.

Her.

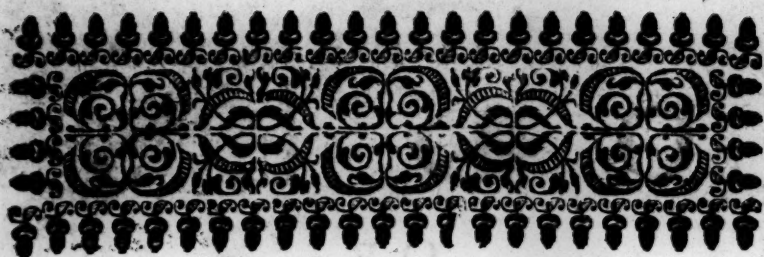
P A R T XVII.

To be Continued.

L O N D O N :

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15



Q. Horatii Flacci
O D A R U M.

L I B. III.

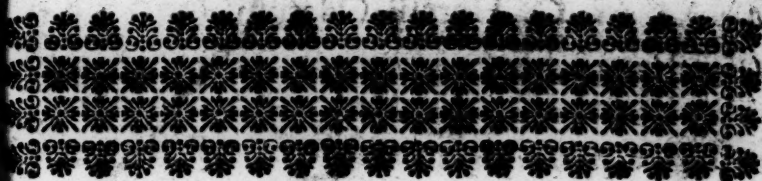
O D E XXVI. *Ad VENEREM.*



*IXI puellis nuper idoneus,
Et militavi non sine gloriâ:
Nunc arma defunctumque bello
Barbiton hic paries habebit,*

*Levum marina qui Veneris latus
Custodit. hic, hic ponite lucida
Fimalia, & vestes, (a) & arcus
Oppositis foribus minaces.*

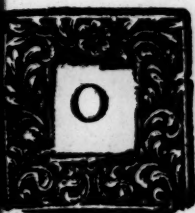




T H E
O D E S
O F
H O R A C E.

B O O K III.

O D E XXVI. *To VENUS.*



NCE I was fam'd in *Cupid's* War,
And could oblige and serve the Fair;
But now before this Shrine I've hung
My useless Arms, and Lyre unstrung.

Close by the Sea-born Queen I throw
My smoking Torch, and flagging Bow,
And the rough Club which once I bore,
To force a haughty Damsel's Door,

O qua beatam Diva tenes Cyprum, &
Memphim carentem Sithoniâ nive,

Regina, sublimi flagello

Tange Chloen semel arrogantem.

Dr. B—'s NOTES. ODE 26.

(a) **E**T arcus.] In this place our Author reckons up the several Weapons with which he used to Attack and Storm his Mistress's Doors;

— Hic, hic ponite lucida
Funalia, & vestes, & arcus
Oppositis foribus minaces.

Here now I would fain have the Interpreters tell me, how Arcus, or Bows, come to be used in the breaking up of a Door? But those Fellows do not say so much as one Word to me, as if this Nut were very easily Crackt; and yet I fairly own I do not comprehend the Passage. In the Margin of the Queen's-College Copy I find this Note, Arcus, Bows, used to fright Porters and Door-keepers: But then Horace seems to threaten the Door and not the Door-keeper, with these same Bows. Besides, how should these Bows fright the Porter, when the Door was shut, and he stood on the inside, and was safe? Add to this, that Arrows are no fit Weapons for

Lovers, since the throwing of them may be attended with Bloodshed. See then, whether it may not be reasonable to suppose, that Horace wrote thus,

Funalia, & vestes, secureſque
Oppositis foribus minaces.

Here in the First Place, the Librarians left out Que, because it seem'd to make an Excursion in the Measure, and should have been annex'd to the following Verse: This is a common Blunder among those Blockheads, especially in Horace and Virgil. Secondly, when some of them saw there was a Necessity of inserting another Conjunction, they foisted in by a Conjecture of their own, Vestis & arcus, which makes no very great alteration in the Words, But now that the Merry Toppers and Scowrers of old were wont to carry Hatchets, as well as Bars and Torches, in order to attack their Mistress's Doors, is very plain from Theocritus, Pharmaceu. See also

The ODES of HORACE.

5

O Goddess of the Cyprian Grove,
And sunny Memphis, Queen of Love!
Hear my last Pray'r, and aim a Dart
At Chloe's proud disdainful Heart.

also *Plautus* in *Bacch.* 5, 1.
Lucilius upon *Nonius.* v. *Ancipites.*

Nemo hos ancipites ferro effringat cardines.

Where we ought to read *Ancipiti.* See *Idem* *Ibid.*

Veste atque ancipiti ferro effringam cardines;

Where *Ancipiti ferro* signifies
Bipennis, Securis, a Hatchet
with two Edges, See *Virgil*

Æn. 2, 480. Moreover, at
Verse the 9th, instead of *Tenes*
Cyprum, some of the Copies
are wrong, when they say
Regis Cyprum, and among
mine the *Gravian, Queen's-*
College, Battelian and Galean;
for *Regis* and *Regina* join'd
together, make a very Putrid
Expression. But then again,
they are in the right, when
they read *Memphim* and not
Memphim, to which the *Ley-*
den Copy and *Venetian Edition*
agree.



A 3

ODE

O D E XXVII. *Ad GALATEAM.*

Impios parra recinentis omen
 Ducat, & pragnans canis, aut ab agro
 Rava decurrens lupa Lanuvino,
 (a) Fataque vulpes.

(b) Rumpat & serpens iter institutum,
 Si per obliquum similis sagitta
 Terruit mannos. ego cui timebo
 Providus auspex?

*Antequam stantes repetat paludes
 Imbrium divina avis imminentium,
 Oscinem corvum præce suscitabo
 Solis ab ortu.*

(c) Sis licet felix ubicumque maris;
 Et memor nostri, Galatea, vivas:
 (d) Teque nec lævus vetet ire picus,
 Nec vaga cornix.

(c) Sed vides quanto trepidet tumultu
 Pronus Orion? ego quid sit ater
 Hadria, novi, sinus; & quid albus
 Peccet Iapyx.



M.

ODE XXVII. To GALATEA.

LET the ill-boding noisie Jay
Salute the Guilty on their Way;
Let Foxes as they pass along,
And Wolves accost them, big with Young.

Let Snakes, as swift as Arrows, thwart
The Road, and make their Horses start;
But you no Guilt no Danger know,
Why should I be concern'd for you?

I'll summon from the *Eastern* Skies
The Crow, e'er to the Fenns he flies;
And bid him change his croaking Strain,
And not forebode or Wind or Rain.

May *Galatea* happy be,
And kindly still remember me:
May no rude Pye, or luckless Crow,
Bode ill Success, where'er you go.

But see! *Orion's* setting Star
Portends a mighty Tempest near;
Too well the raging Seas I know,
And what the adverse Winds can do,

Hostium uxores puerique cacos

(e) *Sentiant motus orientis austri, &*

Æquoris nigri fremitum, (f) & gementes

Verbere ripas.

Sic & Europe niveum doloſo

Credidit tauro latus; (g) at ſcatentem

Beluis pontum mediasque fraudes

Palluit audax.

Nuper in pratis ſtudioſa florum, &

Debita Nymphis opifex corona,

Nocte ſubluftri nihil aſtra præter

Vidit & undas.

Qua ſimul centum tetigit potentem

(h) *Oppidis Cretæ; Pater ô relictum*

Filia nomen, pietasque dixit,

Viſta furore!

Unde, quo veni? levis una mors eſt

Virginum culpa. vigilansne ploro

Turpe commiſſum? (i) an vitio carentem

Ludit imago

Vana, qua portâ fugiens eburnâ

Somnium ducit? meliusne fluctus

Ire per longos fuit, an recentes

Carpere flores?

May those I hate ascend their Ship,
When *Southern* Blasts infest the Deep,
When gloomy Waves begin to roar,
And dash against the trembling Shore.

When on the Bull *Europa* rode,
Not knowing that she prest a God,
Breathless and pale the Dame survey'd
The Main, where rolling Monsters play'd.

Lately she rang'd the flowry Mead,
And weav'd new Garlands for the Head;
Now all the Scene that greets her Eyes,
Is boundless Seas, and starry Skies.

Arriv'd upon the *Cretan* Coast,
Whose Shores a hundred Cities boast,
Mad with Despair, she cry'd, Adieu
My Father, and my Virtue too!

Where am I? wretched and undone!
And can a single Death atone
The loss of Honour and of Shame?
Or am I pure, and this a Dream?

Is it a vain Delusion sent
From Hell, and I still Innocent?
Could I the Meads and Flow'rs forsake,
To swim upon a Monster's Back?

Had

*Si quis infamem mihi nunc iuvenum
Dedat irata, lacerare ferro &
Frangere enitar modo multum amati
(k) Cornua monstri.*

*Impudens liqui patrios penates:
Impudens Orcum moror. ô Deorum
Siquis hac audis, utinam inter errem
Nuda leones.*

*Antequam turpes macies decentes
Occupet malas, teneraque succus
Defluat prada, speciosa quero.
Pascere tigres.*

*Vilis Europe, pater urget absens;
Quid mori cessas? potes hac ab orno
Pendulum zonâ bene te secutâ
Ladere collum.*

*Sive te rupes, & acuta leto
Saxa delectant; Age, te procella
Crede veloci: nisi herile maris
Carpere pensum.*

*Regius sanguis, dominaque tradi
Barbara pellex. Aderat querenti
Perfidum ridens Venus, & remisso
Filius arcu:*

Had I that Bull this Moment here,
His Flesh I could to pieces tear, |
And break his Horns, by Rage inspir'd;
And spoil the Form I once admir'd.

Thus from my Father's Realm I fly!
Dare to do Ill, but dare not die!
Hear me, some kind propitious Pow'r,
Let some wild Beast this Wretch devour.

Expose my lovely Form a Prey
To Tygers, as they range this Way,
When Hunger prompts them to their Food;
Ere they have stain'd their Jaws with Blood.

Make haste to die, unhappy Maid!
Thy Father will thy Crimes upbraid;
This Girdle and yon bending Tree
Will soon conclude thy Destiny.

Or from these Rocks rush headlong down,
And in the raging Ocean drown;
Your self from Shame and Bondage save,
How can a Princess be a Slave?

Venus and *Cupid*, as the Dame
Thus mourn'd, to her Assistance came;
The Boy his Bow unbent, the Queen
Of Beauty all in Smiles was seen.

Awhile

*Mox ubi lussit ratis, Abstineto,
Dixit, irarum calidaque rixa :
(m) Jam tibi injussus laceranda reddet
Cornua taurus.*

*Uxor invicti Fovis esse nescis ?
Mitte singultus; bene ferre magnam
Disce fortunam: tua sectus orbis
Nomina ducet.*



Awhile she rally'd with the Fair;
Then thus at last, Fond Maid! forbear
Thy Rage, and give thy Passion o'er;
This hated Bull is in thy Pow'r.

Forget thy Sighs, and think of Love;
'Tis great to be the Wife of Jove:
The World's *best Part* shall speak thy Fame,
And be distinguish'd by thy Name.



(a) **F***Fataque vulpes.*] The Librarians heretofore made a great Bustle about this Word, *Fata*: One of the Blandinian Copies belonging to *Cruquius* says, *Po-fstaque*; another, *Fertaque*: The various *Lections* of my *Leyden* Copy say, *Fataque*; the *Gravian*, *Festaque*, and in the *Margin* *Fataque*: *Nick Heinsius* in the *Margin* of his Books says, *Perhaps you ought to read Fordaque vulpes*; but I wish this bright Fellow had not made such a Blunder; for *Forda* is a proper *Epithet* for a Heifer or a Cow, and not for a Fox or any wild Beast. See *Ovid Fastor.* 4, 63c. *Columella*, 6, 24. Besides, *Forda* signifies *Big, Great with Young*: See *Varro de Ling. Lat.* 4. *Festus*. *Varro de Re Rusti.* 2, 5. But now our Author had said just before, *Pragnam Canis, a Bitch with Whelp*, and therefore he would not presently repeat the *Epithet Forda*, that is, *Pragnans Vulpes*: *Horace* is no such dry empty Blockhead, as not to be able to vary his *Epithets*. We must therefore stand to the vulgar Reading, which is confirm'd by all the Editions, and most of the Copies, *Fataque vulpes*; by which we do not mean *Gravida*, as *Acro* does, for then we should stumble upon that very Blunder, which we would avoid; but we take it to be *enixa, partu liberata, onere levata, deliver'd of her*

Burden; and for this see *Servius* and *Nonius Marcellus*.

(b) *Rumpat & serpens.*] The Interpreters had very good Reason to complain of this Verse, as a very obscure one; but *Dacier*, as pretty a Fellow as he is, has made the strangest Blunder here, notwithstanding he thought he had done great Matters. Let us then see, if we can acquit our selves with any better Success, when so many have miscarry'd before us. At the beginning of the Ode, *Horace* says, *May the Jay, the Bitch, the She-Wolf, and Fox, and other ill Omens attend the wicked, when they go abroad*; I say the wicked, and not you, O *Galatea*, who are a good Girl. Thus he adds Verse 21, *May the Wives and Children of those we hate go to Sea in a Storm, but not you*. *Virgil* has put these things together, *Geor.* 3, 513. Hereupon our Author concludes, *Rumpat & serpens iter institutum*.

That is, *Interrupt the wicked in their Journey*: But this now contradicts what went before; for it would be well for the wicked to be hindered from proceeding on an unlucky Journey; so that they might return home, when there were no good Omens for their going abroad. *Horace* therefore ought rather to have said *ducat*, as he had done just before, and not *rumpat*. But the *Gravian* Co-

py, which is very old, solves this Difficulty, and plainly says *Rumpit*; which is a true Lesson, and worthy to be explain'd more at large. Our Author is addressing himself here to *Galatea* (as we suppose his Mistress) who was about to leave *Rome*, and go beyond Sea: Yet, says he, don't be in such haste, but first consider, whether you set out with a good Omen. I can't think you are so eager for Travel, as to proceed, though a Jay, a Bitch, a Wolf, or a Fox should run across you: let such Omens as these be the Portion of our Enemies. A Serpent crossing the Road, often puts a stop to a Journey. If I were a Southsayer, I would never suffer any one, for whose Safety I was concern'd, to go on Board, until by my Augury I had summon'd the Crow from the East, to come and croak, and foretell Good Luck. Stay then, till we have consulted the Omens; and till the Birds that understand the Weather, bode you a good Journey. When these Things are settled, then you may go where you will, and prosper. Neither the unlucky Magpye nor the wandring Crow hinder you from journeying any where: But what then? Don't you apprehend a much greater Danger? Don't you see, that the Weather and Season of the Year is not good for Sailing? Orion is just setting, an unlucky Star and fatal to Marriners. He is just

about to raise a Storm, though at present the Sea is calm, and the Wind blows kindly from Apulia. I know by experience how deceitful the Adriatick Sea is, and what the very first Puff of the South Wind means. Have a care then how you trust the uncertain Waves; for just so Europa trusted to the smooth Surface of the Deep, the fair Appearance of the Weather, and the Abilities and strong Back of her Bull; but when she was out at Sea, then she began to look Pale, to be Frighted, and cry out for Help. Here I present you with a Clue to unravel this knotty Ode; and now I hope you will have no more Scruples concerning the Meaning of the Place, and my Emendations.

(c) *Sis licet felix, ubicumq; navis.*] The old Editions say *Navis*, and all the Copies that ever I saw: And yet Harry Stephens had a Book in which he found *Navis*, whence Janus Rutgers mended the Place thus,

Sis licet felix, ubicumq; navis.

This Nick Heinsius approves in the Margen of his Book, but with some small Addition, thus,

Sis licet felix ubicumque amabis.

I wish these smart Fellows had never suffer'd such paultry

try Stuff to drop from their Pens. Be sure you do not alter the Place. If, says Horace, the Omens favour you, whatever Country you have a mind to go to, you may be Happy. See Mavis in Servius, I, 4. Persius, Sat. 4.

(d) *Teg; nec levis vetet ire picus.*] Lambin writes *vetat*, upon the Authority of the Vatican Copy, and explains it very judiciously, when all the other Manuscripts and Editions were wrong in writing *vetet*. Torrentius was very well pleas'd with this, but durst not venture to alter it out of respect to his Books. But with us, good Sense and the Reason of the Thing are of more Weight than a hundred Copies. The Librarians wrote *vetet*, only to make it agree with the adjacent words, *Sis, vivas*; as at verse 5, they wrote *rumpat*, to answer to *ducat*. What we have said on that Passage will serve to clear up the Sense here.

(e) *Sentiant motus orientis austri.*] Muretus first alter'd this, though all the Books confirm it; and from a parallel Place at Car. 3, 1, verse 28, wrote *orientis Hadi*; whence most of the Editions took the Infection. Horace had before told us, That when Galatea was going on Shipboard, Orion was about to Sert; but he knows nothing of Astrology, who can suppose that the Goat is

then about to rise, when Orion is just ready to Sert: The contrary is true; and when Orion declines, then the South-wind most commonly begins to blow. For this see Car. 1, 28. The vulgar Reading is therefore best; and yet *orientes austri*, as it stands for *Nascentis, Surgentis, Venientis*, is a new Phrase. See *Venientis* in Virgil, Eclog. 5, 32. I like this word very well, if any of the Copies of Horace would give it Countenance.

(f) *Et trementes verbera ripas.*] The Royal Society Copy says, *Et trementis verbera ripas*: But I don't like it; for *verbera ripa* do rather signify those Stroaks which the Shore gives, than those which it receives. See *Patrua verbera lingua* in Horace; *Alarum verbera* in Virgil, and also *Verbera fundæ*. And yet Valerius Flaccus uses *Litoris ictus* in this very Sense, where the Waves beat the Shore. Li. 1, 330.

—— *Quotiens rancos ad litoris ictus Defciam?*

But this prov'd a Bite upon some little pert Librarian, because *tremetis*, the Accusative Case, as we find it written according to the old Orthography in the Queens College Copy at first hand, and also in the Venetian Edition, seem'd to him to be the

the Genitive Singular: But tho' I should very readily grant, that the Sea-shores might tremble with the beating of the Waves; for which see Seneca Hippol. v, 1013; Yet my Ears will never away with this, that any one, who is out at Sea, should be sensible of this Tremor: What think you then, whether with a little Alteration, Horace might not say, *Gementes* for the Groaning of the Shore may be heard a great way off by the Sailors, but only they who stand on the Shore, can be sensible when it Trembles. See Quintilian Declam. 6. Horat. Car. 2, 20. Sophocles Antiq. 2, 603. Silius Ital. 15. Virgil. 12, 334. Seneca Agamem. 461. Claudian Conf. Malli. v. 205. Id de Bell. Gildon. 220. All these Authors do sometimes suppose that the Sea Groans.

(g) *Et scatenem beluis pontum.*] I care not a Fig, whether any one likes this Passage upon the strength of his own Judgment; it is all one to me: And yet I believe we shall mend the Matter, if we read *at* instead of *&*; because there ought to be an Antithesis between the two Clauses. Europa, says Horace, when she play'd upon the Shore, made nothing to bestride the Bull; but when she was half Seas over, then she began to look Pale and be Frighted.

(h) *Oppidis Creten, Pater, & relictum Filia nomen.*] My Worcester Copy says,

Oppidis Cretam, & pater, & relictum.

And if you admit this *Lection*, then *filia* must be the Genitive Case; as thus, *O Pater, & nomen filia a me relictum.* But all the old Books, the Gravian, Queen's-College, and others, say *Creten, Pater &*. See *Pater &* in Statium, or something like it. *Silv.* 2, 7. By this means *filia* will be the Dative Case; as thus, *O Pater, nomen relictum mihi filia*, that is, *By me a Daughter*. The Sense is good either way; the last of the two Constructions is favour'd by Ovid, as Torrentius and Dacier have quoted him. *Heroid.* 10, where *Ariadne* speaks.

Prodita sunt facta nomina cara meo.

That is, *I have betray'd my Father and Country, which are two Names of Duty.* See *Tibull.* 3, 4. The other Construction may be justify'd by that in *Ovid. Met.* 8, 464. *Ibid. v.* 508: where the *duo nomina matris & sororis* belong to *Althaa*, as here the Name of Daughter to *Europa*. See *Nomius* in v. *Sanctitudo*. Id. in v. *Deintegrare*. *Cacilius*. But that in *Hermione's* Speech to *Orestes* is ambiguous. *Heroid.* 8, 29. For there is no knowing whether the *Nomina* *bin*a there mentioned, signifie the *Husband* or *Brother*, the *Sister* or *Wife*; and yet the first Interpretation of these two

B

please,

pleases us best, because of what goes before. If then you are most inclined to take *filia* in the *Genitive Case*, then you may read according to the *Worcester Copy*,

Qua, simul centum tetigit potentem

Oppidis Cretam; O Pater, O reliſtum

Filia nomen, Pietasque dixit, Viſta furore!

Or else more agreeably to the other Copies,

Oppidis Creten, Pater ô, reliſtum ô

Filia nomen ———

That is, *The Duty of a Daughter which I have gone off from and betray'd*. See *Hor. Epil. 2, 2, v. 69*. but if the *Vulgar Leſſion* pleases you best,

———— *Pater o reliſtum*
Filia nomen!

The Sense will be thus, *O my Father, whom I have forsaken, and run away from his Family!* See *Verse 49*. *Moschus* upon the same Subject; *Europa*, v, 142. I give you free Leave and Permission to Construe it which way you please; only be sure to remember and Point the place so, that you may join *Pietas viſta furore* together; for tho' some of the Interpreters think it very convenient to say,

that *Europa* was *viſta furore*, stark mad; for which see *Virgil Æn. 4, 474*. Et in *Culice*, v. 109. Yet it is much better not to maim the Sense, which they would in vain patch together by construing *Pietas* with *filia reliſta*; and you will make it much finer and prettier, by joining *Pietatem* the Duty which *Europa* ow'd her Father, to *furore & temeritate viſtam*; as if her Rage and Folly had overcome all Sense of Piety; for which see *Ovid Met. 15, 173*. *Ibid. 13*. *Heroid. 13*. *Ibid. 14*. *Amor. 3, 10*.

(i) *An vitiis carentem ludit imago.*] What are these *Vitia* or *Vices*? I would fain know what they are? And yet all the Books favour this Leſſion; only the *Queen's College Copy* blunders, and says *Veſtus*. But let the Books reclaim if they think fit never so strenuously, without doubt, we should read *Vizio*. Now I am awake, says *Europa*, am I sorry for my Fault, my Debauchery? Or is it a Dream, and Am I still a Maid? Immorality is a Vice, and for this see *Plautus* and *Terence* in several places. *Gellius 2, 23*. Acro the Scholiast upon the place says, *Am I without fault, and only in a Dream?* The Plural Number was never made use of upon this occasion before.

(k) *Cornua tauri.*] Thus we find it in the *Loſcherian Edition*

Edition an. 1498; this *Cru-*
quius, *Lambin* and *Torrentius*
greedily laid hold on, and
crowded it into the Modern
Editions; but the old *Venetian*
Edition, with the best Books
belonging to *Cruquius* and
Pulmannus, and my *Leyden*,
Gravian, *Queen's-College*, *Mag-*
dalen-College, *Galean* and *Roy-*
al-Society Copies, write the
Place more elegantly thus

— *Cornua Monstri*. It
was but a little before that
Horace mentioned *Juvenus*,
and then again, *Taurus*, Verse
72; so that *Taurus* repeated
over and over again must be
such putid Tautology as eve-
ry Reader cannot but nau-
seate. *Monstri* is therefore
a good Word, because this
Treacherous Bull, so soon as
ever he arriv'd at *Crete*, as-
sumed a Human Form, and
then lay with *Europa*. Don't
hearken to the Interpreters,
when they tell you he de-
bauched her in the Shape of
a Bull. See *Moschus* in *Eu-*
ropâ. v, 159. *Ovid Fast.* 5, v.
615.

(1) *Ladere collum*.] All the
Copies agree to it thus, and
yet not one of the Ancients
ever used *ladere* in this Sense,
so as to signifie to choak, to
nose, to strangle. It is best
therefore to read *Elidere*, ac-
cording to some of *Lam-*
bin's Copies. See *Carm.* 1, 2.
Thus *Nick Heinsius* corrected
the place in the Margin of
his Book. He further says
upon *Ovid Fastor.* 4, v, 371,

We ought also to read *elidere*
in *Horace*. *Li.* 3, *od.* 27;
where at present *ladere col-*
lum takes place. See *Metam*
11. *Lucan.* 2. Thus far *Hein-*
sius. Add to these Quotati-
ons, *Ovid Met.* 12. *Heroid.*
9. *Id.* in *Ibid.* v, 569. *Seneca*
Hercul. Fur. 221. *Seneca de*
Provid. c. 6. *Id. Quæst. Nat.*
6. 28. *Lactantius de Morite*
Persecut. c, 30. *Hieronymus*
contra Jovini. l. 2. Where I
suppose we ought to read *e-*
cludere instead of *excludere*.
See also *Seneca Her. Æte.*

Hisne ego lacertis colla Nemai
mali
Elisa pressi? —————

For thus Father *Gronovius*
mends the Place from the
Medicean Copy, whereas *Spo-*
lia had before corrupted all
the Editions. *Prudentius. Pe-*
risteph. v, 1108.

(m) *Cum tibi inuifus.*] Do
not, says *Venus*, chide or be
angry, when the Bull shall
hold out his Horns for you to
Buffet. Here with the good
Leave of that smart Fellow
Dacier, I will freely own, I
am so much a Blockhead, as
not to perceive the great
Beauty of these words, with
which he is so much smitten
and enamour'd. When the
Bull returns, then give over
your Anger. But what should
she do in the mean time?
must she be left in such a
Heat and Ferment? I should
rather think, the poor Girl
ought

ought to be comforted and pacified, when she was almost mad with Grief and Rage. But says he, *Cease your Anger, when the Bull comes and offers himself to be torn to pieces by you.* Was there any fear, that in her Passion she should tear the God to Pieces in the shape of a Bull? Is this Fine, and Pretty, and worthy our Admiration? No by no Means; we have more Sense than to think so. The Venetian Edition an. 1490, says *Dum tibi inuisus*, and not *cum*. A very pretty Fellow, one George Fabricius, published the Place thus, anno 1555, *Non tibi inuisus*; but I cannot find that he had any Books to bear him out in't. However that be; the Librarians might easily Blunder at this little Word; for as I have often said, they frequently omit the first Letters of a Verse. I think, the whole Verse ought to be refitted thus,

*Mox ubi lufit fatis, Abstineto,
Dixit, irarum calidaque rixa:
Iam tibi injuffus laceranda
reddet*

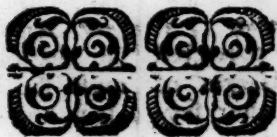
Cornua taurus

For Venus answers in this

Place, what Europa had said just before;

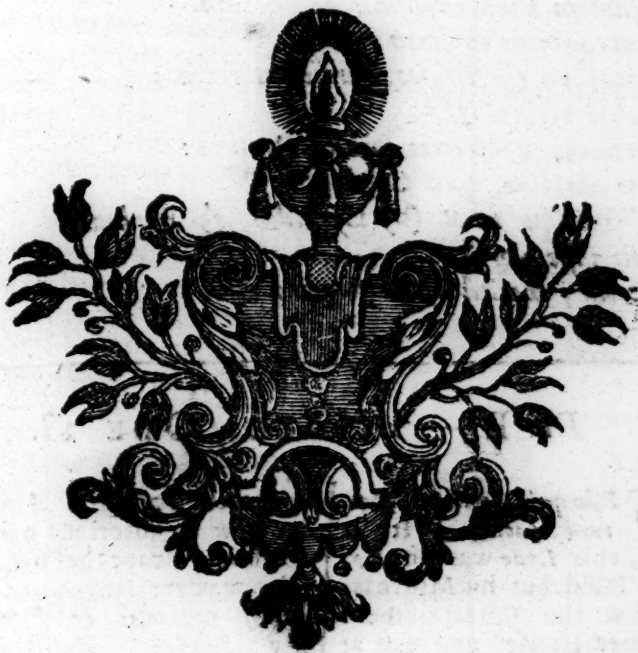
*Siquis infamem mihi nunc juven-
vencum, &c,*

That is, *Why do you wish in your Rage to meet some Bull, in order to cut him Piece-meal with a Sword, or knock off his Horns? Be not so very much concerned, because this Monster is got off unpunish'd; for see, he comes of his own accord without your Bidding, and surrenders himself at Discretion to be used as you think fit.* An old stanch Whoremaster will readily submit to be whipt by his Wench, when she is in the Humour. Thus Ovid, the great Dictator of Love, directs his Followers. I am much Mistaken, or this is a very pretty Irony, worthy the Genius of Horace. *Injussus*, as I have mended it, does not vary very much from *invisus*, which is too rude a Word to be apply'd *multum amato*, To the Bull that Europa loved so well, or to be used by Venus in her Gallery. *Injussus* signifies Voluntary, and without Bidding. See Her. Epod. 16. Virgil Georg. 1, 55.



NOTES upon NOTES. ODE 27, 21

S*IVE enim cum interpreti- bus credas, sub Tauri ma- gine id perpetratum est.*] This is a wonderful Caution, by which the Dr. would not have us think, that Euro-
pa really lay with a Bull. Certainly our worthy Com- mentator has a strange No- tion of *Europa's* Capacity, and that of his Readers.



ODE

ODE XXVIII. Ad LYDEN.

(a) **F** *Esto quid potius die
 Neptunū facias? prome reconditum,
 Lyde, strenua Cacubum;
 Munitaque adhibe vim sapientia.
 Inclinare meridiem
 Sentis; ac veluti flet volucris dies,
 Parcis deripere horreo
 Cessantem Bibuli consulis amphoram.
 Nos cantabimus invicem
 Neptunum & virides Nereidum comas;
 Tu curvā recines lyrā
 Latonam, & celeris spicula Cynthia:
 Summo carmine, quæ Cnidon
 Fulgentesque tenet (b) Cycladas, & Paphum
 Functis visit oloribus,
 Dicetur; meritā Nox quoque naviā.*

Dr. B—'s NOTES, ODE 28.

(a) **F** *Esto quid potius die Neptuni faciam.*] It is plain, this *Lyde* was not *Horace's* Maid, but his Mistress; so that the Entertainment is at her House, and not at *Horace's*. This Reading therefore, which is to be found in all the Copies, is very silly; *Quid faciam?* as if the Wine were provided at *Horace's* Expence. But do you stand it out, and write *facias*, tho' a hundred Manuscripts should

say to the contrary. I wonder how so notorious a Blunder should escape the Foresight of our acute Interpreters.

(b) *Cycladas & Paphon.*] My *Leyden*, *Zulichemian*, *Queen's-College*, *Peterhouse*, *Magdalen-College*, and other Copies, with those of *Torrensius*, say *Paphum*: This I like, because it prevents the Verses from ending with the same Letter, *Cnidon*, *Paphon*.

O D E XXVIII. To LYDE.

With Mirth and Joy unbend thy Soul,
 And for the Hogſhead call;
 With rich *Cacubian* fill the Bowl,
 For this is *Neptune's* Festival.

From *Bibulus* we date the Juice,
 Which now ſhould crown the Glaſs;
 Without delay that Cask produce,
 For ſee, the Day declines apace.

I'll ſing of *Neptune*, and his Train .
 Of Nymphs with Sea-green Hair;
 You to *Latona's* Praise ſhall ſtrain .
 The Lyre, and to *Diana* fair.

We'll ſing of *Venus* and her Doves,
 With which ſhe wings her Flight
 To *Cnidos* and the *Paphian* Groves,
 And praiſe the Goddeſs of the Night.

O D E



O D E XXIX. *Ad MACENATEM.*

TYrrhena regum progenies, tibi
Non ante verso lene merum cado,
Cum flore, Macenas, rosarum, &
Pressa tuis balanus capillis,

Jamdudum apud me est. eripe te mora:
Nec semper udum Tibur & Æsula
Declive contempleris aruum, &
Telegoni juga parrioidæ.

Fastidiosam desere copiam, &
Molem propinquam nubibus arduis:
Omitte mirari beatæ
Fumum & opes strepitumque Roma.

Plerumque grata divitibus vices,
Mundaque parvo sub lare pauperum
Cana, sine aulais & ostro,
Sollicitam explicuere frontem.

Jam clarus occultum (a) Andromeda pater
Ostendit ignem; jam Procyon furit,
Et stella vesani Leonis,
Sole dies referente siccos.

Jam

ODE XXIX. To MÆCENAS.

DESCENDED from the Royal Blood
Of Kings, to whom *Etruria* bow'd,
For you my Rosie Garlands I prepare,
And pour my Wine upon a happy Day;
These Oyntments shall perfume your Hair;
Come to your Friend without delay:
Leave *Æscula* and *Tibur's* cold Recess;
Come taste for once the Sweets of Privacy and Ease.

For sake awhile your gawdy Seat,
And the Fateague of being Great;
Fly the Amusements of the smoaky Town,
Where Noise, and Wealth, and Trade, consume
each Hour;

Try the blest Change, and quit your Gown
To share the Pleasures of the Poor;
There free from Pomp and Equipage, carouse,
Unlade your Mind of Business, and unbend your
Brows.

Already *Cepheus* mounts the Sky,
And scorching *Procyon* rages high;
Mad *Leo* sheds around his pointed Fire,
And beamy *Phabus* fries the burning Plains;
The Flocks to Shades and Streams retire;
The Flocks, and Herds, and sweating Swains,
All follow great *Sylvanus* to the Groves,
Whilst not a Breeze of Air the quivering Branches
moves. C You

*Fam pastor umbras cum grege languido
 Rivumque fessus quarit, (b) & horridi
 Dumeta Silvani: caretque
 Ripa vagis taciturna ventis.*

*Tu, civitatem quis deceat status,
 Curas, & Urbi sollicitus times,
 Quid Seres & regnata Cyro
 Bactra parent, (c) Tanaisque discors.*

*Prudens futuri temporis exitum
 Caliginosa nocte premit Deus;
 Ridetque, si mortalis ultra
 Fas trepidat. quod adest, memento*

*Componere aquas: cetera fluminis
 Ritu feruntur, (d) nunc medio alveo
 Cum pace delabantis Etruscum
 In mare, nunc lapides adesos,*

*Stirpesque raptas, & pecus, & domos
 Volventis una, non sine montium
 Clamore vicinaque silva,
 Cum fera diluvies quietos*

*Irritat amnes. ille potens sui
 Latusque deget, (e) cui licet in diem
 Dixisse, Vixi: cras vel atra
 Nube polum Pater occupato,*

You to the Publick Good apply

Your Thoughts, intent on Policy:

Fain you would know, where *Cyrus* threatens War,

Or what intestine Broils the *Getes* destroy,

And what the *Seres*: but forbear

The vain Enquiry, and enjoy

The present Hour: The Gods from human Sight

Hide the Events of Fate in Everlasting Night.

All worldly Things, like Waters flow,

Sometimes too high, sometimes too low:

Sometimes the even Current gently glides

Down to the Deep, and oft with mighty Roar

Bears Rocks upon its swelling Tides,

Sweeps Herds and Houses from the Shore

And Trunks of Trees; the Rivers quit their Bounds,

Whilst every lofty Hill and neighb'ring Wood re-
sounds.

Happy the Mortal, who can say,

'Tis well, for I have liv'd to Day;

To morrow let black Clouds and Storms arise,

Or let the Sun exert his beamy Pow'r:

Nothing can interrupt my Bliss;

I seiz'd, and have enjoy'd my Hour:

The Gods themselves, howe'er they smile or frown,

Cannot recall what's past; for that is all my own.

*Vel sole puro: non tamen irritum,
 Quodcunque retro est, efficiet; neque
 Diffinget, infectumque reddet,
 Quod fugiens semel hora vexit.*

*Fortuna saevo lata negotio, &
 Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
 Transmutat incertos honores,
 Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.*

*Laudo manentem: si celeres quatit
 Pennas; resigno qua dedit, & meâ
 Virtute me involvo, probamque
 Pauperiem sine dote quaro.*

*Non est meum, si mugiat Africis
 Malus procellis, ad miserâs preces
 Decurrere, & votis pacisci,
 Ne Cypria Tyriaque merces*

*Addant avaro divitias mari.
 Tum me biremis prasidio scapha
 Tutum per Ægaos tumultus
 (f) Aura feret, geminusque Pollux.*



Fortune, the wanton fickle Dame,
Plays on, and cheats us in the Game:
Now gives, and the next Moment takes away;
From me to you transfers th' uncertain Crown:
I court her when dispos'd to stay;
But if she threatens to be gone,
Thus with a Breath I tofs her to the Wind,
And still in Virtue's Arms a kindly Shelter find.

'Tis not for me to wish in vain,
When Storms grow loud upon the Main,
Or importune the Gods with needless Pray'rs,
Least Neptune should enrich the greedy Tide
With *Cyprian* or with *Tyrian* Wares;
I in my little Bark can ride,
And to the wish'd-for Shore securely row,
Whilst Stars propitious shine, and gentle Breezes blow.



(a) **A**ndromedes pater.] The old Editions, and the Books belonging to Cruquius, Lambin, and my self, say *Andromeda*. This is right. See Nick Heinsius upon *Ovid. Heroid.* 18, v, 149.

(b) *Et horridi dumeta Silvani.*] The Battelian, and one of the Budlean Copies, with two belonging to Lambin and Pulmannus, say, *Horrida dumeta*. See Seneca *Her. Act.* v, 135. But the better Sort say, *Horridi*; and this we follow. See *Martial.* 10, 92.

(c) *Tanaïsque discors.*] The Interpreters do not give us a good Reason, why *Tanaïs* should be called *Discors*. Is it, because it separates *Europe* from *Asia*? But then why should it be called *Secum Discors*; for a *Terminus*, or *Boundary*, is not called *Discors*, because it separates one thing from another. Or is it called *Discors*, because the People, who lived near it, were often engaged in civil Wars, and were perhaps at that time at War with the *Bastrians*? But both these Interpretations contradict the Design of *Horace*; for why should *Mæcenas* be afraid of their Preparations against the *Romans*, if they were at War one with another? This, one would think, should be a Reason, why *Mæcenas* should cast away Care. See *Car.* 3, 8. For my Part, instead of explaining this Place, I always thought there wanted a Word here, which our stupid *Librarians* did not understand. Either I am out, or

Horace wrote it thus —

Tanaïsque discors. He calls it *discors*, because it belongs neither to *Europe* nor *Asia*, but is situate between both, and so not reckon'd with either. See this Word in *Ovid Amor.* 2, 12, restor'd by the illustrious *Heinsius* from the excellent *Puteanian* Copy. The old *Glossary*, says, *Difforties, διακλίσθη δέντρος*. *Diffortium, διακλίσθη μὲν, διακλίσθη*. See what *Heinsius* himself says of this Word, in his *Dissertation* upon *Sabin. Epist.* 1, v, 35.

(d) *Nunc medio alveo cum pace delabentis.*] What *Lambin* remarks of his Books, I can say of my *Grævian* and *Galean* Copy, where I read *Medio aquore, alveo* being written in the *Margin*, as a various *Lesson*. In all the other Copies we find *alveo*, and *Aquore* on the side of it. I like *alveo* best, which the Editions also follow'd. See *Curtius* 5, c, 13. *Ovid Amor.* 2, 13. *Delapsus ab alveo*, where we ought to read *in alveo*, not only by *Conjecture*, but also according to the Copies which *N. Heinsius* inspected. *Per septem portas* signifies the seven Mouths of the Nile, often mention'd by the Poets.

(e) *Cui licet in diem Dixisse vixi.*] It may be doubted, whether the Poet means, *In diem vixi*, or *In diem dixisse*. The first of these two Constructions was best liked by the Interpreters; they suppose that Man to be happy and to have the Command of himself,

himself, who only lives to Day, without caring for To-Morrow. See Quintilian Declam. 13. Cicero de Orat. 2. Pliny Epist. 5, 5. This is common among Authors. See Casaubon upon Persius, Sat. 3. p. 269. But now keep your Eye close, and you will find, that according to this Construction, this Person here ought to say, *vivo*, and not *vixi*. It is therefore best to explain it the other way, which makes the Sense stronger, and sounder. He is truly happy and his own Man, who can say every Day, *I have liv'd*. In diem, signifies *Quotidie*; other Authers say, in dies. See Hor. Serm. 2, 3. Pliny Hist. Nat. 7, 2. *Vixi*, that is, *I have liv'd enough to Day*, Let the Gods do what they please with to-Morrow. See Martial Epist. 3, 15. Dido ap. Virgil Æn. 4, 653. Seneca de Benefic. 5, 17. Id. Epist. 12. All these say *vixi*, *I have liv'd*.

(f) *Aura feret geminusque Pollux*.] Not a Man of all the Interpreters, no not Dacier himself, who often falls foul upon the Fraternity, can squeeze the least good Sense out of this Passage, fit to be put into the Mouth of such a bright Fellow as Horace. The Truth of it is, we must first correct the Place, before we can explain it. Thus then you must read,

*Tum me biremis prasidio scaphæ
Tutum per Ægeos tumultus
Aura ferat geminusque
Pollux.*

The best Copies, and the old Lofcherian Edition, say *tum*, and not *tunc*. The Galean and two Bodlean Copies do plainly write, *ferat*. If, says our Author, Fortune takes away that which she had before given me, I resign it very freely; and if I should happen to be surprized in a great Ship by a Storm, I would not like other Sailors fall to praying, that the Riches and Merchandize, which werethen on Board, might be saved from the Wreck: But upon such an Occasion, what do you think, O my Friend I should desire or pray for? why,

———— *Tum me biremis &c.*

That is, *I should give myself no manner of Trouble, what became of my little Effects; but should think it a very great Deliverance, if I might get naked to Land in a small Schallop, and leave all my Goods to perish in the Shipwrack*. Juvenal, speaking of his Friend, Sat. 12, says, That upon alike occasion of Danger, he was very glad to save himself, by throwing all his most valuable Wares overboard. Horace uses this Expression, *Scaphæ Prasidio*, because the Antients had always a Long-boat to their Ships, as we have now, on purpose to save their Men in a Storm. See this elegantly described by Statius, Silv. 1, 4.

———— *Immensæ veluti connexa Carinæ
Cymba minor, &c.*

O D E

ODE XXX.

EXegi monumentum are perennius,
 Regalique situ Pyramidum altius;
 Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
 Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
 Annorum series & fuga temporum.
 Non omnis moriar; multaue pars mei
 Vitabit Libitinam. usque ego posterâ
 Crescam laude recens; dum Capitolium
 Scandet cum tacitâ virgine pontifex.
 Dicar, quâ violens obstrepit Ausidus,
 (a) Et quâ pauper aqua Daunus agrestium
 Regnavit populorum, ex humili potens,
 Princeps Æolium carmen ad Italos
 Deduxisse modos. sume superbiam
 Quasitam meritis, (b) & mihi Delphicâ
 Lauro cinge volens, Melpomene, comam.



ODE XXX.

TO my own Name this Monument I raise,
 High as the *Pyramids*, and strong as Brass;
 Which neither Storms nor Tempests shall deface:

This shall remain, whilst Time glides nimbly by;
 And the swift Years in measur'd Stages fly,
 For I'll not perish, not entirely die.

My Fame, my better Half, shall never end,
 Whilst Mitred Priests before the Altar bend,
 And *Vestal* Nymphs the *Capitol* ascend.

Where *Ausidus* with rapid Fury flows,
 And *Dannus* heretofore his Dwelling chose,
 And from a low Estate to Empire rose,

The distant Race of *Latins* shall admire
 Me the first Bard, who urg'd with Sacred Fire,
 Tun'd a *Greek* Measure to a *Roman* Lyre.

Be bold, my Muse! to claim the just Renown,
 Thy Merits and Immortal Lays have won;
 And deck thy Poet with a Laurel Crown.

(a) **E**T *quà pauper aqua.*] It is a great while ago, that the Criticks mended this Passage thus,

*Dicar, qua violens obstrepit
Aufidus,*

*Et qua Daunus aqua pauper a-
grestium*

*Regnavit populorum, ex humili
potens,*

*Princeps Æolium carmen in I-
talos*

Deduxisse modos. ———

Here the old Editions handed about *Regnator*; but *Porphyrio*, *Servius*, and the *Cruquian* Copies confirm the true undoubted *Lesson*, *Regnavit populorum*; and with these my *Galean*, *Leyden* and *Queen's-College* Copy at first hand agree. But there is one Point in which most of the *Interpreters* mistake, and another, in which all of them are out. For by this *Daunus pauper aqua*, some of them understand a *River*; whereas *Daunus* was King of *Apulia*, a dry Sandy Country; for which reason he is elegantly called *Pauper aqua*. See *Silius Ital.* li. 3. *Apuleius* in *Floridis*. Then it is a Blunder to apply these Words (*ex humili potens*) to *Horace*, which both the Old and New *Interpreters* have fallen into. He glories, says they, that he should attain to such high Honours by his Poetry, though he were born of mean Parents. See *Vomanius* in *Epigram de Cicer.* *Hor. Epil.* 1,

20. But by the good leave of these smart Fellows, though *Horace* grew to be a great Man, and to keep good Company by his Learning, yet if I know any thing of him, he would not flourish in such a manner, and call himself *Potens*. What? Can you imagine, that he, who was Content with a little Farm at *Sabinum*, and who, as he says himself, *Carm.* 3. 16, durst not lift his Head very high; and who received no other Favours from *Macenas*, than now and then to ride in his Chariot, and hear him break a few Jest; would such a one now call himself *Potens*, a mighty Man, and set himself off at this Rate? Let not this be understood of *Horace*, but of King *Daunus*, who was first Monarch of *Apulia*, and who from a private Man became a Prince, from an Exile a Tyrant, from a mean poor Fellow a very great Lord. See *Festus Pompeius.* *Juvenal* *Sat.* 3, v. 39.

(b) *Et mihi Delphicâ laure.*] These Words give us an occasion of Correcting a Passage in *Ovid*, which is in a most deplorable Condition. That Author compares Poetry and Rhetorick together thus, *Pont.* 2, 5.

*Distat opus nostrum; sed fontibus exit ab isdem:
Artis & ingenua Cultor uterque sumus.*

Thyr-

Dr. B——'s NOTES. ODE 30. 35

*Thyrſus enim vobis, geſtata eſt
Laurea nobis :*

*Sed tamen ambobus debet in-
eſſe calor.*

*Utque meis numeris tua dat
facundia nervos :*

*Sic venit a nobis in tua verba
nitor.*

Here the moſt Ingenious Nick
Heinſius ſets his Mark upon
the middle Dyſtick as *Spuri-
ous. Vobis, Nobis, Ambobus,*
make a ſtrange jarring in ones
Ears. Beſides, how came O-
rators to uſe a *Thyrſus* ? But
now three old Copies belong-
ing to Heinſius ſay ———

*Delphica non aque geſtata eſt
laurea nobis.* ——— Where
we ought to reſtore *vobis*, that
is, *Tou Orators*, which clears
up the Senſe. For they, who
had obtain'd the Name and
Dignity of Poets, wore
the Delphick Laurel, as Horace

here in this place, ſpeaking
of himſelf, witneſſeth. But
there is a deeper Flaw in this
Verſe; I ſhall apply a gentle
Hand, and then make no
doubt, but I ſhall make it
ſound and whole again, ſo
that Ovid himſelf ſhall like it.

*Delphica non aque guſtata eſt
laurea vobis.*

Tou Orators, (ſays Ovid) ſhall
taſte the Laurel, as well as we
Poets, and thereby ſuck in an
Enthuſiaſtick Power; for you
are to be a little Heated as
well as we, though not quite
ſo far Transported with down-
right Madneſs and Frenzy. It
is very well known, that
Prophets and Poets ran mad
by Biting of the Laurel; for
this ſee *Juvenal. Sat. 7, 19.*

———— *Laurumque memordit.*



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